Miſt.Ford. I thinke my husband hath ſome ſpeciall ſuſpition of *Falſtafs* being heere: for I neuer ſaw him ſo groſſe in his iealouſie till now.

Miſt.Page. I will lay a plot to try that, and wee will yet haue more trickes with *Falſtaffe*; his diſſolute diſeaſe will ſcarſe obey this medicne.

Miſ.Ford. Shall we ſend that fooliſhion Carion, Miſtris *Quickly* to him, and excuſe his throwing into the water, and giue him another hope, to betray him to another puniſhment?

Miſ.Page. Wee will doe it; let him be ſent for to morrow eight a clocke to haue amends.

Ford. I cannot finde him; may be the knaue bragg'd of that he could not compaſſe.

Miſ.Page. Heard you that?

Miſ.Ford. You vſe me well, M. *Ford*? Doe you?

Ford. I, I doe ſo.

M.Ford. Heauen make you better then your thoughts

Ford. Amen.

Miſ.Page. You doe your ſelfe mighty wrong (M. *Ford*)

Ford. I, I; I muſt beare it.

Euan. If there be any pody in the houſe, and in the chambers, and in the coffers, and in the preſſes; heauen forgiue my ſinnes at the day of iudgement.

Caius. Be-gar, nor I too: there is no bodies.

Page. Fy, fy, M. *Ford*, are you not aſham'd? What ſpirit, what diuell ſuggeſts this imagination? I would not ha your diſtemper in this kind, for the welth of *Windſor caſtle*.

Ford. 'Tis my fault (M. *Page*) I ſuffer for it.

Euans. You ſuffer for a pad conſcience; your wife is as honeſt a o'mans, as I will deſires among fiue thouſand, and fiue hundred too.

Cai. By gar, I ſee 'tis an honeſt woman.

Ford. Well, I promiſd you a dinner, come, come, walke in the Parke, I pray you pardon me: I will hereafter make knowne to you why I haue done this. Come wife, come Miſt. *Page*, I pray you pardon me. Pray hartly pardon me.

Page. Let's go in Gentlemen, but (truſt me) we'l mocke him

him; I doe inuite you to morrow morning to my breakefaſt: after we'll a Birding together, I haue a Hawke for the buſh. Shall it be ſo:

Ford. Any thing.

Euan. If there is one, I ſhall make two in the Com

Cai. If there be one, or two, I ſhall make-a-thetur

Ford. Pray you goe, M. *Page*.

Euans. I pray you now remembrance to morrow lowſie knaue, mine Hoſt.

Cai. Dat is good by gar, withall my heart.

Euan. A lowſie knaue, to haue his gibes, and his keries.

Scæna Quarta.

Enter Fenton, Anne Page, Shallow, Slender, Quickly, Page, Miſt. Page.

Fen. I ſee I cannot get thy Fathers loue,
Therefore no more turne me to him (ſweet Nan.)

Anne. Alas, how then?

Fen. Why thou muſt be thy ſelfe.
He doth obiect, I am too great of birth,
And that my ſtate being gall'd with my expence,
I ſeeke to heale it onely by his wealth.
Beſides theſe, other barres he layes before me,
My Riots paſt, my wilde Societies,
And tels me 'tis a thing impoſſible
I ſhould loue thee, but as a property.

Anne. May be he tels you true.

Fen. No, heauen ſo ſpeed me in my time to come
Albeit I will confeſſe, thy Fathers wealth
Was the firſt motiue that I woo'd thee (*Anne*:)
Yet wooing thee, I found thee of more valew
Then ſtamps in Gold, or ſummes in ſealed bagges
And 'tis the very riches of thy ſelfe,
That now I ayme at.

Anne. Gentle M. *Fenton*.